

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 9.]

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE LAST HOURS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

"We must take care to minimise pain, and at the same time be willing to do or suffer anything to confer the greatest amount of happiness on our race." This was the guiding star of BENTHAM, the foremost expositor of English law and the master-mind of modern utilitarian philosophy. So actuated was he with love for mankind after he had done all he could in life, he commanded that his body should be given to the dissecting-room of an hospital, that something might be done to lessen human suffering and to abate the strong objection of his day to dissection. He devoted the whole of the energy of a long life to political, moral and law reform. What was vague, uncertain and without principle, he undertook to define and systematize. Bentham's writings are acknowledged as among the most efficient causes of the vast useful revolution in the laws of our country. In early life he was led to examine the popular doctrines of religion, the Trinity, vicarious sacrifice, &c. &c., and ultimately to have a perfect abhorrence of them. He says. "Of the University of Oxford I had not long been a member when five students were expelled for heresy. By the sentence by which those Bible readers were expelled, that affection which had glowed in my heart for the Church of England was expelled. The time came for attaching my signature to the Thirty-nine Articles. I had examined those articles, and found them irreconcilable either to Reason or Scripture. Jesus did not see eye to eye with his age, and he was set down for mad. The like fate was before my eyes. Before the eyes of Jesus stood a Comforter, his Father; before my weak eyes stood in my father a

tormentor if I did not sign. I signed; but by the views I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made on my mind as will never depart from me but with life." In 1832, at the age of 85, he found his life drawing to a close. It was his wish that Dr. Southwood Smith should be with him during his last illness. Sir John Bowring, his literary executor, informs us, he looked forward to death with "singular complacency." The serenity of his mind when he became satisfied that his work was done and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. He regretted he had not done more for mankind; but this feeling gave place to a calm deep emotion of exultation when he recollected that able, zealous and faithful minds would complete his labours. His last conversation was about a family he would like cared for and made comfortable, a member of which had given him some pleasure. His heart was generous to the last. His force of sympathy with our race governed his very last hours of consciousness. He said to a friend, "I feel, now that I am dying, our care must be to minimise pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be so distressing to them to see me die, and they can be of no service, yet I must not be alone. You will remain with me, and you only, and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount." These were his last thoughts and feelings, so perfectly and so beautifully illustrating his life-labours to make all men happy with the least degree of suffering. He glided away serene and beautiful to his rest and reward—a fit conclusion of so virtuous, honourable and active a life.

THE FATAL WEDDING DRESS.

(ALEXANDRA MAGAZINE).

ON a bright frosty morning, in the depth of winter, some five or six years ago, I had determined to refresh my mind and body by a walk over the hill to the pretty village of, call it, Ladye's Reste.

As I reached the top of the fourth hill which I had encountered in my seven-mile walk, I saw the picturesque village, the object of my search, in the valley before me; the noble tower of the ancient church being a prominent feature in the landscape, and convincing me that I was on the right track, for Ladye's Reste was as famous for the beauty of its church as for the natural objects of interest by which it was surrounded on every side.

As I paused at the church porch, I was accosted by a child. "The church be open, master. The organ's a goin' to play."

"Who is the organist?" I asked. "Who makes the organ play?"

"T' parson's wife," answered my informer, and after a pause, he added, "and brother Jack, he pumps."

The full, deep tones of a magnificent organ were called out by one evidently a mistress in her art. After playing a few chords and preludes, she lent her voice to the harmony, and sang with a pathos almost inspired the words of that evening hymn, which have ever since been graven in my memory, and associated with the story of her from whose lips I first heard it, rendered with such surpassing sweetness and power. It was this—

"As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine arms werestretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
Oh, grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die."

"It was very fine," I remarked to my companion, who was evidently expecting my meed of praise in honour of the performance of the "parson's wife," who was, I had no difficulty in divining, his very good friend and ally; "it has done us both good to hear music like that." I passed on into the church as noiselessly as I could, hoping that fate would favour me with a renewal of the heavenly sounds.

I was not disappointed; the sweet voice was silent, it is true, but strain after strain, borrowed from the masterpieces of my favourite composer, Beethoven, crowned and rewarded my silent patience. The cold and dusky side-aisle in which I had taken up my post was enchanted land to me, as I drank in the sounds of the music that I loved and understood. I was moved almost to tears by the sad solemnity of the music, to which such meaning was given by the refined taste and subtle hand of the unseen performer; who must herself, it appeared to me, have known sadness and sorrow to discourse of them so eloquently to the heart of another, and to play thus upon my emotions, through the artistic development of her own.

The music ceased at length, and the spell which had bound me to the spot was broken. I began to think of emerging from my place of concealment as noiselessly as I had entered it, not wishing to act as a spy upon the individual performer, although I had tasted in stealth the sweet waters of the heavenly sounds which she had produced. Before I had time to quit my post, however, I heard her dismiss the boy who had been pumping for her by saying in a low gentle voice, "Now you may go; it is too cold for me to play any longer."

No sooner was the boy released, than he clattered hastily to the door through which I had entered the church, which he closed behind him with a bang, afterwards to my dismay turning the key in the lock, leaving me a prisoner, to intrude my unwelcome presence upon the organist, now my sole companion, and whom I was afraid to startle by a too sudden approach.

I heard her busy behind the curtain which concealed her from my view, locking up the organ, and putting away the books, and I was on the point of giving utterance to a loud "Ahem!" as the best means of attracting her attention, when the silence was broken by a sound of a different nature; bitter sobs, heavy and long drawn, and a low long wail of grief, made me experience a very uncomfortable choking sensation in the throat.

The heavy sobs came quicker and quicker, and between them were uttered words of agonized prayer, too sacred for

me here to repeat. The wild appeal of the stricken soul for mercy at the hands of its Maker; the cry of the child-like heart to the "Father in Heaven;" the sharp sting of the sorrow concealed from the eyes of men, and laid bare in its rankling bitterness before the eyes of God, all were expressed in those broken, pleading accents—they were evidently intended for no mortal ear—they were such words, that, saving by accident, as in this case, man never hears, but which God hears every day. It was a pitiful feeling that took possession of me, as I stood an unwilling witness of such bitter grief. The intense cold of the church, which looked gloomy and awful in the twilight which had overtaken me; the apparent desolation and desertion of the place, disturbed only by the sorrowful sounds of a woman's weeping and despairing prayer; my own equivocal position and utter strangeness and isolation in the scene, all conspired to make me repent the feelings of interest and curiosity which had led me into so uncomfortable a predicament.

It was evident that I must decide upon some active mode of extrication from my increasing difficulties at once, and in casting my eyes around I discovered a loop-hole of escape by means of the chancel-door, which had been left a little ajar.

My danger over, and the church-gate passed in safety, I was seized with a feeling of uncontrollable curiosity with regard to her. Who and what was this mysterious being, whose tender passionate nature had spoken to the heart of a chance witness? first in the rendering of the inspired harmony, and again and more touchingly in the outward expression of some deep inward grief, which it was more than probable no mortal ear but mine had ever heard before, or would hear again.

The utter self-abandonment of it was a sign of its secrecy as well as its depth. A grief that is shared loses half its bitterness, loses the intensity of the anguish described in the prophetic words of the Psalmist: "I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man; neither found I any to comfort me."

I could not leave Ladye's Reste without making some further observations and inquiries.

Was it possible that this saintly-looking young creature, so calm and self-possessed now, was the same who in the hour of supposed solitude had poured out such bitter words before the throne of Heaven—kneeling in the cold, praying, weeping, unrestrained and self-abandoned? Truly, the solitude and isolation of the soul is a grand but terrible truth; the secrets which God alone knows, are the secrets of life and death to the frail mortals who cling so closely to one another in the every-day sorrows to which humanity is subject in common. The tenderest spot in each living breast is the one that can least bear a mortal probe—is the one that God's finger alone can touch to heal; submitted to the great Physician, it vanishes away like the smoke. If there be no "balm for us in Gilead," no trust in the Fatherly love which bids us "cast all our care upon him," with what crushing truth are the words realized to us: "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

Interest, or, as some perhaps would call it, curiosity, once excited in me, never sleeps; I was deeply interested in the parson's young wife. Some indignant feelings, indeed, were rife in my youthful breast to the parson's account, who could leave so delicate a creature to no stronger escort than that of a little boy, and a dark suspicion took root in my mind with regard to his probable share in the cause of those heart-wringing sobs which had made even a stranger's eyes rather more humid than was natural to them. If he had any, I did not hesitate to write him down a *monster* of the most unmitigated description, a barbarian of the first water—so zealous had the sight of the fair-haired, innocent-looking girl, whom I believed to be his victim, made me in her behalf.

I had by this time reached the more stirring and populated part of the village, and found myself opposite a modest inn.

"You have a fine church here," I remarked to the landlady.

"Indeed we have, sir," she answered; "and law, only to think of our being left without even a resident rector; eight hundred a year out of the parish, and the rectory let to a fox-hunting squire, and a curate with a hundred to do his

work for him cheap. It's a burning shame, that it is; and if the Bishop's not down upon him some day, I don't see the use of bishops, and my master says the same."

"Is the curate a married man?"

"Indeed, and that he is—and more's the pity. He married one of *my* young ladies," she added, bridling and looking important. "An Earl's daughter *she* is, and he nothing more than the dirt under her feet. I nursed her, poor dear, through many a long illness, never thinking as she was to live to throw herself away on a poor church *rat* like him."

"Is she happy with him?" I asked at once, "and does he treat her well?"

"He is uppish, that's what he is," was the reply; "a great deal more than her, although he didn't ought to be, for his family is no great things. She's frightened of him, I'm sure, by the way the pretty colour comes into her cheek when she meets me, when he is a-walking with her. 'How do you do, Mrs. Johnson?' is all she dare say then, she who never called me anything but 'Nurse' or 'Nursy' in all her life afore; and anything to do with my lord, or the Castle, is all forbidden ground. I can see that with half an eye. She married against my lord's consent, you know," she added, approaching me, and speaking in whispers, "and he give her nothing, and was not present at the ceremony."

"And her mother?" I asked eagerly; "has she no more compassion than the rest of the world toward an innocent creature that plays Mozart and Beethoven like an angel?"

"My lady's her *step-mother*," was the reply, and then applying the corner of her apron to an eye that was really moist, she added, "and as to angels, sir, I'm thinking this world's no place for angels, or saints either; so I say to my master, and he always agrees with me."

My eyes were now opened with regard to the fate of the fair unknown—a cold husband, an angry father, and a *step-mother*; no wonder that the poor girl had sobbed her heart out over the instrument, which she could wake at will into such pathetic life; no wonder that her sore spirit poured itself out where none could hear, but the One who is strong to

heal. I was silent for a moment, and then thinking it incumbent upon one to make some comment upon the landlady's last remark, I said, with the pedantry of nineteen, "Well, Mrs. Johnson, we don't meet with so many of them as to be startled by the incongruity of their presence amongst us;" and then, settling the bill, and wishing her "good-by," I prepared to set out upon my homeward way.

"What business has a curate with a wife like that?" I asked myself, as I returned to my bachelor lodging, and found a blue-nosed farm housemaid of all-work puffing my cheerless room full of smoke, in the vain endeavour to light a fire with damp chips, smothered in ashes and coal dust. "And having a wife like that," I continued, "yet what right can he assume to himself for neglecting and maltreating her?"

* * * * *

A few weeks afterwards I resolved to walk over the hills again, and pay my promised visit to Mrs. Johnson of the "Baynard Arms." After breakfast, I set out, for I had no fancy for being again benighted. And it was twelve o'clock as I breasted the last hill that looked over the peaceful valley. The air was clear and bright, and the first sounds that greeted my ear as I stood gazing at the landscape before me, were those of the funeral bell, deep-toned, solemn, and prophetic, bearing to my heart the awful message that some stricken soul had succumbed to the dart of the rider of the pale horse—death; and the gladness and the beauty of nature seemed a mockery in his awful presence.

"How unfortunate that there should be a funeral to-day!" I thought; "there will be no chance for me of the organ now."

As I entered the village, I became aware of an unusual stillness and gloom pervading the little street; the shutters of the few shops were closed, and one or two women, decently dressed in black, came out, locked their doors, and were evidently waiting to join in the procession, for the first sight of which they strained their eyes, brimming over with the tears which they did not attempt to check.

"Who is dead?" I asked of the first,

pausing before the door of her tidy cottage.

"*The parson's wife*," was the reply.

"Young Lady Alice Blount, sir," added an officious crone, who, bustling with importance, was making the most of the grief which was choking the utterance of the other. "She died this day week, sir, of fever on the brain, and we're a goin' to bury her to-day, poor lamb. The parson's off his head a'most; and her father, as oodn't speak to her since she married, takes on dreadful, and well he may. She was more like an angel than an ooman, and she's gone where the angels is."

Dead! so young and so beautiful, and died of a broken heart! The remembrance of the gloom of the church, of the sharp cutting air outside, of the hoar frost that first crisped and then melted under my touch on the wicket gate, of the silent street, of every minute circumstance attending the day in which I had heard and seen her, came to me vivid and fresh at that moment. The day on which they were going to bury her was mild and genial, a real spring day. How different from that one on which she had wept alone and uncomfortable, and poured out her sorrowful heart to her God! The one was an emblem of the world which had been so hard and cold for her; the other, of the everlasting rest which she had found, released from its fetters, and beyond the influence of its sorrows.

The words of the old nurse came back to me then. "He had no tenderness about him, and she was always such a one to be loved and petted."

The course of my thoughts was here interrupted by the exclamation of the elder woman: "Here it comes, a plain walking funeral, for all she were an earl's daughter." The sad procession was indeed just in sight, and as it moved through the village it was joined by many a genuine mourner, from the cottages at which the gentle step of the dear one so soon to be buried out of their sight had ever been a familiar and a welcome sound, since the time when Lady Alice had come among them in the new character of "the parson's wife."

I fell into it naturally, and found myself walking next to an elderly wo-

man, who was so convulsed with grief, and so changed in appearance by her mourning garb, that I did not at first recognize Mrs. Johnson.

As we entered the churchyard gate, the procession paused, and filed into reverend order to follow the officiating priest into the church, and there I observed for the first time the figure of the chief mourner, of him who in my own thoughts I had covered with reproach and obloquy, as the destroyer of his young wife's peace. I see it before me now, and I can recall distinctly the expression of the wild haggard face, not hidden, like the rest, from the gaze of the lookers-on in the cambric folds which serve to conceal the absence as well as the presence of sorrow, but uplifted like that of a carved statue in the majesty of unutterable grief.

His eyes were dry and tearless, but his face was as white as his darling's shroud. When it was all over, I saw them try to remove him from the grave. I saw his aged father-in-law press his hand upon his shoulder, and implore him with sobs to "come home," to "come away." I saw him with a gesture of impatience shake off the hand white and wrinkled with age, and heard him say, "Not now, not now; I have no home! I will not leave her alone again. They shall not part us any more;" and then, fearing to intrude upon his sorrow, I turned sadly away, intending to retrace my steps over the hill at once.

"Missis is in the parlour," said the rosy maid of the inn; "she wishes to speak to you, sir, if you please."

In the little parlour I found the good woman, who in the midst of her grief had not forgotten her hospitable instincts, for she had hastened home to lay out a repast for me of cold meat, bread and beer, of which she pressed me to partake. "I came back on purpose, sir," she said, "for I had that on my conscience that I couldn't rest until I had seen you, and I can tell you better and more nat'ral while you're a doing something." I sat down to satisfy her and began to eat, upon which sign that I was prepared to attend, and with her old glance towards the crack in the door, she began her story.

The purport of it was, that she had

bitterly maligned the husband of her "poor dear." "He had a cold manner with her," she said; "but if ever a man's heart was broke through fond and pitying love, his heart was breaking now. 'It was all my fault, my cruel bitter fault,' he said, over his darling's pale face, which smiled upon him even in death. 'She was killing herself, and I never saw it,' and then, sir, he took my hand in both his, and said, 'You were kind to her, Nurse; you would have saved her, if you could; but it was too late—too late.' It was kind of him to call me by that name then, sir, and I'm not the one to forget a tenderness, nor never was. He shall never know that she died of a broken heart; it would kill him outright. Better he should think as he does than that."

"Of a broken heart?" I exclaimed, "and her husband loving her so well?"

"It was Lady Baynard, sir, her step-mother, as broke her poor heart, with her cruelty and pride. Look here, sir," she added, taking out of the pocket of her black gown an ominous-looking document which had the appearance of a bill, with items running down two pages and meandering half-way down the columns of a third, "this is what killed her, it's the bill for her wedding clothes, which she thought was paid, and my lady sent it to her this Christmas; and it comes to a hundred pounds, the total does, sir, and that's a year's income to Lady Alice and her husband. Well, he was away, gone to see after a living, it appeared, and she got frightened, and wasn't strong, nor never was, and it killed her, that's the long and short of it; she took on so, poor thing; and if her husband knew it, it would kill him too, and where'd be the use of that?"

"But the bill, Mrs. Johnson," I said; "how is that to be managed without his knowledge?"

"The bill is paid, sir," she answered, colouring up to the top of her honest brow; "she saw it receipted before she closed her eyes on the world and its sorrows. She did not mean to tell me; she had had a worry, she said, but she would not worry any one else; but when she got light-headed, then I found out how hard it had gone with her. Through all that night she went on moaning in her

troubled sleep, and talking of a bill and a hundred pounds, and if how she was to tell her husband, and all, until I got it all from her, and then she cried again, and said, 'Oh, Nurse, what shall I do? what shall I do?—a hundred pounds, and I have not a hundred shillings, and Arthur so honourable and particular about payments! Oh, Nurse, my heart is broken;' and she laid her pretty head and sobbed on my shoulder, as she did when she was a child.

"Well, I put a bold face on the matter; I told her that her papa would pay it for her, if we could get at him without my lady's knowledge; and I told her to go to sleep, and think no more about it. She went to sleep for a while, and I took the bill out of her hand, and when I tell you, sir, that it was all wet with her tears, you'll hardly want to know what I did with it. I had saved three hundred pounds a'most, for mine was a good place, and the old lord is a generous man when he is not interfered with. I said not a word to any one, not even the master, and I paid the bill, and two days afterwards I shewed her the receipt. 'You shall owe it me,' I said, 'my lady, and give it me back when Mr. Blount comes into a grand big living.' She cried and sobbed for joy, sir, and looked up to heaven, and said, 'I cried to the Lord in my trouble, and he delivered me out of my distress;' but it was too late. She didn't talk much after that, but she laid her hands on her breast, and kept listening and watching for him.

"He came back late that evening; he had got the living, and came back full of joy to his young wife, who lay dying upstairs. I shall never forget his face, sir, never, when I took him by the hand, and said, 'You must not be frightened, sir, but my lady has been ill; you will find her much changed.' He seemed to turn to a stone statue when he saw how it was; but he was tender and more gently loving to her, sir, than I thought it possible for a man to be. He kept on saying, 'I got her last dear letter only the day before yesterday, and to-day I find her thus—oh, my God! my God!' I don't think he'll get over it, I don't indeed; and I'm grieved to the heart about what I said of him to you, sir." The poor woman here relapsed into bitter

hysterical weeping, gasping between her sobs. "I must have spoke to some one, if I had died for it; and you took an interest in my lady, sir, and when I saw you join the procession, thinks I to myself, I'll tell him. And that's how it was that I took the liberty."

Poor honest soul! I was scarcely likely to deem it one. Her revelation contained the clue to the riddle which had puzzled me. A newly-married wife, young, talented, beautiful, beloved by all around her, sobbing so bitterly on that cold winter's evening, and calling on her God like one in the extremity of distress. It was now all explained, and the heart-bitterness amply accounted for; but what struck me most, was the manner in which her prayers had been answered. The humble instrument through which God vouchsafed to manifest His love, was standing before me with her apron to her eyes, humble in station, common in appearance, but with a spirit that would have done honour to a queen on her throne.

Through such unexpected channels does a merciful Creator send help to those that cry to Him.

I had heard the prayer, and had been thus curiously made acquainted with its object and its fulfilment. The young and tender soul had passed away unburdened with any bitter earthly sorrow, with the triumphant songs of angels sounding in her ears like voices from beyond the stars. Fitting end for one who could distil such sweetness from the music of this world! I shall remember the mid-winter evening when she "*made the organ play*" up at the old church, at Lady's Reste, to the latest moment of my life.

SCRIPTURE EXPLANATION.

For thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 14.

But they who shall be accounted worthy of that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage. Luke xx. 35.

From these passages, it is easily and indeed naturally inferred, that only a part of mankind shall be the subjects of the resurrection from the dead. "The just" seem to be those "who shall be

accounted worthy;" and the inference is certainly plain that the unjust shall not be accounted worthy. But before adopting this opinion, it might be well for us candidly to inquire whether these passages admit of no exposition that will forbid this inference. It is not to be doubted that the general testimony of the Scriptures supports the doctrine of a universal resurrection of our race. The gospel preached to the fathers was, that in their seed, which is Christ, "all nations, families and kindreds of the earth" shall be blessed. It was one of the especial objects of Christ's mission "to destroy death;" and Paul with unwavering assurance declares, that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" and that "death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed."—These passages are unequivocal, and the Scriptures must contradict themselves, or our inference is unsound.

The necessary explanation is found by a reference to the opinions prevalent among the Jews in the time of our Saviour. It seems that the Pharisees, by far the most numerous and popular sect, believed in a resurrection from the dead, from which, however, were excluded all who were notoriously wicked. That the Pharisees, with their contracted views of theology, and especially their sectarian notions of personal righteousness, should suppose the happiness of a resurrection from the dead confined to their own nation, and perhaps to their own party, appears to us very probable. It is certain, however, that they believed none but *the just* would be *accounted worthy* of a resurrection. And it is in accordance with this opinion that the passages at the head of this article are to be explained.

We shall perhaps be asked, if this conformity of expression to popular notions is not a tacit, but a virtual acknowledgment of their truth. We answer: By no means. In the first-mentioned passage, the phrase, "resurrection of the just," expressed no more and no less, we think, than our present one, "the resurrection." The occasion on which it was uttered did not require a departure from common phraseology. The same may be said of the other passages under consideration. The Sadducees, "who deny

that there is any resurrection," in a caviling spirit had offered a query for solution relative to that state. Our Saviour answered them in the common language of the time and place. He explicitly avowed the doctrine of the resurrection, and completely removed the ground of cavil or objection which the Sadducees had affectedly or honestly assumed. At the same time he inculcated a doctrine which, without a shadow of ambiguity, is now almost as generally treated with contempt by his professed disciples as though he had never uttered it. "They who shall be accounted worthy of that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more; *for they are equal unto the angels*; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." It is little less than an insult alike to common sense and the word of Jesus Christ, to affirm, as thousands now do, that those "who are equal unto the angels," and who "are the children of God," may yet be the subjects of never-ending woe.

But to return to our subject: we may remark that the circumstances, the question he was called upon to answer, did not demand an intimation how many should be raised from the dead, and the common language was recommended by the fact that it was familiar, and consequently readily understood. The inference, therefore, which we would naturally draw from these passages, that only a part will be embraced in the resurrection, is groundless. The expressions, when considered in connection with the prevailing opinions of the age and country, afforded evidence neither of a universal nor partial resurrection, but merely of a resurrection to angelic purity and bliss. Other portions of the Scripture present abundant testimony of its universality. The expression, "the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust," once used by Paul, evidently refers to the common Jewish opinion, with the addition which the religion of Jesus had made to it; and we can have no doubt that even those whom Pharisees might account unworthy, were yet to become "equal unto angels," and to be the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

It is an interesting fact, that the first command on the page of the Bible to man, "made in God's image," is, "Have dominion over *all* the earth, replenish and subdue it." God has assigned to our race a mission over matter, to war a warfare with the elements, and conquer and overcome all difficulties, and to hold the vast forces of nature under the rein of his will. All these efforts at the present day and in past times put forth to bridge the mighty ocean, to open a highway through the mountains, or to send a current of news through the fathomless deep, everything done in the name of scientific pursuit, manufacturing skill or engineering art, and all the glorious achievements of our day, are the distinct responses of the nature of man to the will and command of God; and men everywhere should be made to feel the dignity of labour, the sacredness of all these pursuits, until every stroke of the hammer and splash of the oar be felt as allegiance to the Sovereign of the universe, and thus be sweetened and sanctified to the heart of man.

We have always read with feelings of delight these elevating words, "God made man in his own image." It is the most weighty and assuring of all the declarations of Scripture, and solves every problem touching the high mission and immortal destiny of our race. When this single truth becomes not a phrase on the lip, but a feeling and sentiment of the heart, that men everywhere are not only the same flesh and blood, but spirit of the spirit and life of God, and that all are children of God, this will wipe out much injustice and evil, and tend to elevate the pursuits of our whole race. We shall then better understand that our pilgrimage is not to be one of selfishness and personal gain, that we have not to rise on the ruin of one another, or rejoice in the humiliation of our brother, but that we have to draw nearer and reach out our hand, and lengthen and strengthen the ties of friendship and goodwill. Every man who helps by any discovery or contrivance to fill up the chasm which separates classes and continents, whoever can make the whole family of God know

more speedily than they have known the resources in the hands of one and the wants in the homes of others, that there is plenty here and poverty there, that there is a people to be taught and a nation who can teach us—whoever can bind together the east and the west, and weave all the varied threads of life, of the innumerable tribes and productions of the earth, into one fabric—is an apostle of God. This is most sacred labour, man's joyful duty and best obedience to his Maker. The present position of our civilization has been attained through the contributions of various phases of life from nearly all the nations of the earth: the treasures which have been dug out of the deep and the blessings which have fallen from the sky, the inspiration of prophecy, the gospel tidings, the mind of the poet, the tale of the historian, the prayer of the devout, the work of the artist, the triumph of science, and the toil of the labourer. We begin to feel we are made to be perfected through each other's gifts, talents, energies, productions and discoveries.

He is strangely dull who cannot perceive that God has made us individually and as a whole, that the completeness of our manhood and the perfection of our happiness should be gathered up through sympathy and fellowship with all his people, and both man and nature are organized and designed by Providence to form one family and home. The command we now hear so distinctly is this—to subdue and hold dominion over all the elements, that the words of truth and friendship may speed through all the earth on the wings of the lightning, that precedence may be given to the wisdom of the wise, and the useful and peaceful counsel of the most benevolent of mankind; that there may be wafted from court to court, and from continent to continent, and spread among all the homes of the people, every noble sentiment, every generous and friendly statement, to suppress strife, selfishness and wrong, so that every mind may be penetrated with wisdom and goodwill, that national strifes and human fears and suspicions may be taken away without delay, that we may know and understand each other better. The facilities of travel, the power of steam and the use of the electric telegraph, have

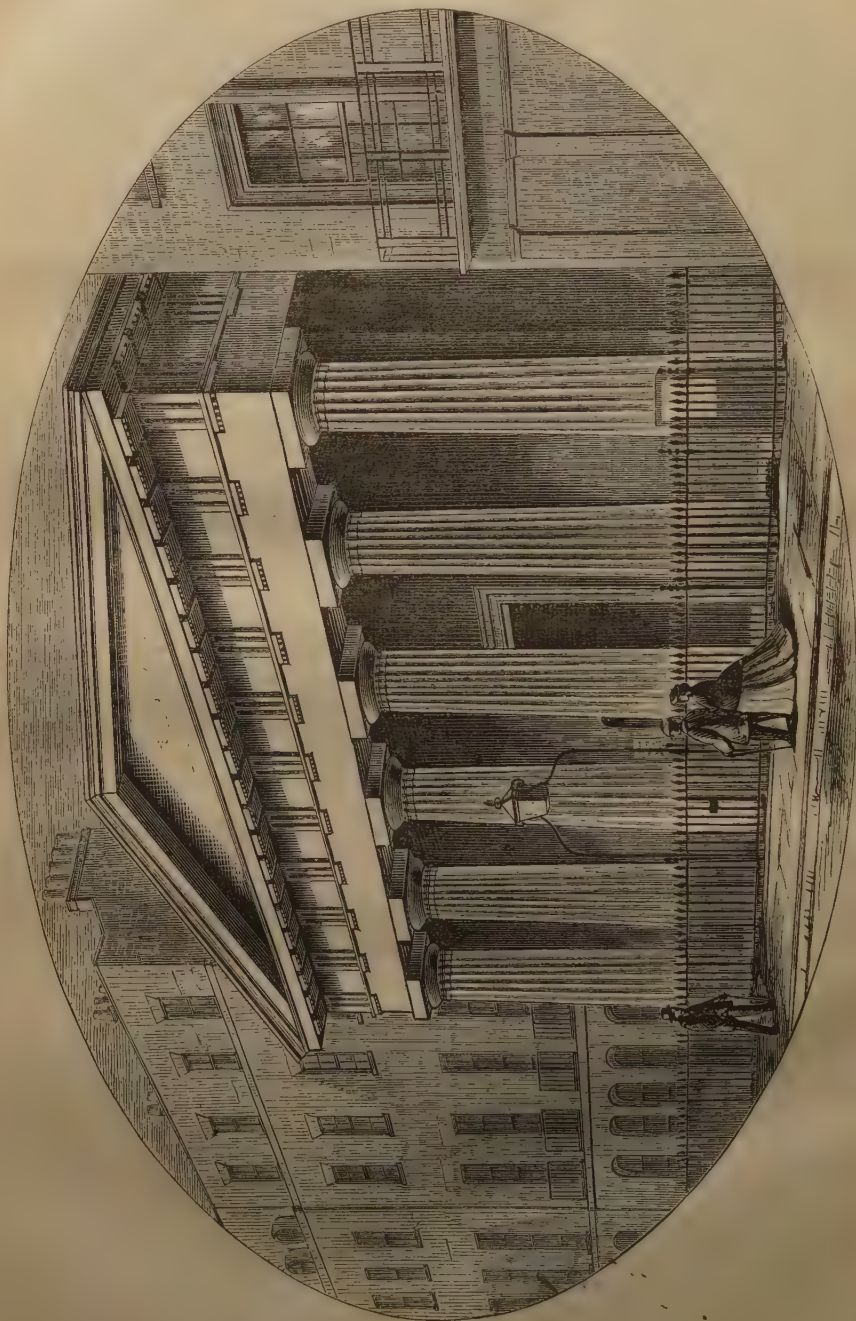
already done good service, and are destined to do more than the most enthusiastic among us can believe. There lies before our race a wide field of discovery and conquest. Instantaneous communication will do much to help forward the discoveries still needed. We are still humbled and perplexed by problems which touch the dearest interests of life. There are storms and tempests and malignant diseases which devastate the plains of humanity and fill men's hearts with fear. Many things which now defy human skill in the isolated condition of nations, will be overcome by a united world. The command to go forth and subdue is as imperative to-day as it was on the first day of the creation of man. It is true we have gained some victories in the past sufficient to inspire the soul with the feeling that no obstacle can obstruct the genuine passions of the heart—that distance and difficulty, deserts and depths, high mountains and swelling oceans, cannot ultimately deter or defeat the designs of God's children—that God has not only commanded man, but has endowed him with power, to win the victory over the most ponderable and imponderable elements. Man has already made the heavens shine with a new lustre and tell a tale of unbounded glory not dreamt of in olden times. Out of the air he has won a softer music, and in the rays of the sun has seen in later times a beauty and power, never before witnessed by human eye. The treasures of the deep of late have been unfolded, dark problems of nature have been expounded, untold wealth has been discovered, and science and art have made open display of the most mysterious and hidden powers of nature, which dazzle the eye with a new light and fill the mind with perfect amazement. The very stones of the street utter speech to us this day which invests the history of the world with a new interest. The water-drop known from the time of Adam unfolds a new power, unmeasured in importance and force. At the call of man the deep places of the deep send forth light into the darkness of night, and make our homes brilliant with the ray of ancient times. Man lifts out a layer of rock and makes it the highway of the people, solid and firm. The sun now

performs the work of the inimitable artist. The fluid which until yesterday was only known as the lurid lightning or the thunder-clap among terrified mankind, is now the swift messenger of man over the earth and through the sea. We this day witness the discovery of principles and forces of light and power in the very elements and articles of daily life and use which have been kept secret since the world began. There has sprung up into light a thousand witnesses of the marvellous power lying buried in nature, and may sooner or later be evolved from the common things around our own doors. The study and perseverance of man in obedience to his nature and the will of God, his free investigation of nature's laws and the qualities of matter,—the indomitable will to make these subservient to human good, have blest our age with magnificent results.

Nor do we despair of the moral victory which our race shall gain, and the ultimate success of Christianity, aided by her handmaidens, Science and Art. Our own country is now a unity of people and interests with a common law and head, and so shall all nations be. The progress of science, the reciprocal interests and duties of mankind, and the spirit of Christ speaking to the inner life of man, will yet make a glorious world. Hope and love will become the perfect link, some day, and unite together our race. The lessons of the Saviour will become the spirit of man's life, and the generosity and devotion of Jesus will then govern the passions and direct the energies of men. The time and talent used for domination and upholding law will be run into a new channel of human service and love. Fear and suspicion shall give place to confidence, and oppression shall flee away for ever from among men; the interests of each will be found to be the interests of all, and the glory of one nation not opposed to the happiness and honour of all. The first message sent along the Atlantic cable eight years ago was, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill among men,"—the grand prophecy of our religion, the worthy struggle of every generous mind, the desideratum of all science, and the highest aim of humanity and art.

POPULAR RELIGION BEHIND THE COUNTER.

It is mere affectation to shut one's eyes to the practical tendencies of that school of religious thought which is most in vogue with the lovers of false weights and measures. A dogmatic system which makes rigorous Sabbath-keeping, the rejection of "good works" as "saving" to the soul, and the cultivation of excited religious feelings, the essentials of Christianity, cannot by any possibility be favourable to the strictly honest selling of sugar, beer, and bread. The better minds that are subjected to this popular creed may resist its antinomian tendencies; but to imagine that "the Gospel" according to the *Morning Advertiser* can be conducive to the faultless observance of the Sermon on the Mount is a hypothesis which few candid persons will seriously maintain. No men and women can be regularly taught, Sunday after Sunday, that good works are "filthy rags" without practically carrying out the filthy rag theory in their dealings with people who will never find them out. The filthy rag theory acts exactly as the system of the Confessional acts on the less cultivated and less religious of the Roman Catholic world. The small swindlings which in one chapel are treated as of no influence on the welfare of "the believer," are in the other chapel forgotten by "the faithful" as soon as confessed, because they are treated as "venial" sins. To sell fourteen ounces of meat and charge for it the price of a pound is by no means inconsistent with "saving faith;" to do the same and confess it regularly once a month, and make a promise not to do it again, and then return to the old practice as regularly as ever, by no means puts the faithful out of the pale of the true Church, provided the confessing and repenting be repeated at fair intervals. And so long as the two extreme schools continue, the one to attack good works as Popish, and the other to teach the ignorant to think little of small rascalities because in their text-books they find them classed as "venial" offences, so long will this detestable system of petty robbery flourish in the country. It is by no means pleasant to think what we are at the present moment.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



STAMFORD-STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

THIS is one of the oldest of the English Presbyterian congregations, and was formed by members of the congregations of Princes Street, Westminster, and St. Thomas's, Southwark, in 1823, when the present chapel was built. Both these congregations on the north and south side of the Thames dated from about 1662, and both ministers and people have taken a conspicuous part in the civil and religious affairs of our nation in most perilous times.

It is a curious fact that one of the stated ministers was unknown by name to many of his people, to save spies procuring an indictment, who were foiled if the minister's name was kept secret. We have found in the history of these two congregations incidents like the following: A company of soldiers inside the chapel, with loaded muskets presented at the minister's head, and the commanding officer ordering the minister in the name of the king to come down, and the preacher answering he was there in the name of the King of kings, and would not obey inferior orders. In one case the minister was dragged out of the pulpit and thrown on the floor bleeding. These two congregations have passed through strange and fiery trials. We shall endeavour to give a very brief summary of the history of these two churches for the last two hundred years. At first, it is presumed, they met in private houses. Afterwards they were able to set apart the largest room for worship and instruction. The next step was to appropriate in some very quiet place a whole house. In these, hidden from the public view, some of our chapels still stand. Ultimately, an open and proper site was secured in Princes Street and St. Thomas's, and the present chapel, Stamford Street, is in a vast thoroughfare, and attracted at its erection the remark that it was the finest specimen of Doric architecture in London. It may be still more interesting to trace the progress of doctrines from 1662 to the present time. Our history of Dissent from the Church commenced with this sentiment, "The Bible, and the Bible only, shall be our guide"—we will not be fastened down

by human liturgies and creeds. The inevitable result of such a position in every case is Unitarianism, the religion of the New Testament. Our first ministers were Calvinistic. They lapsed into Arminianism. About one hundred years ago the ministers of these congregations were Arians, and now the church is Unitarian. Our history at Stamford Street is the history of the majority of our Unitarian churches.

We can barely give a few of the names of the ministers and some of their assistants who have sustained the cause of a free religion connected with our history. This list includes both the Westminster and the Southwark congregations, which merged into Stamford Street. Not a few of the ministers on our register are men of mark in the history of English literature, freedom and religion. An early biographical writer deplores, while he writes the history of some of these very men whose names we give, "that such great and good men were not in the Established Church." The three first ministers of these two congregations were Nath. Vincent, Thomas Cawton and Vincent Alsop. They bore the burden and heat of the day. And afterwards we find the names of Dr. Calamy, J. Sheffield, Samuel Say, Dr. Hughes, Dr. Kippis, J. Jervis, James Tayler (father of the Rev. John James Tayler), Dr. Abraham Roes, Pendlebury Houghton, John Kentish, and others. These were ministers of Princes-Street chapel, Westminster, or St. Thomas's, Southwark. There are some interesting entries in the minute-book of the Westminster congregation, such as the following: "The congregation observed a solemn day of prayer to seek Divine aid in the choice of a godly pastor." There is an entry in the books, in the time of great persecution, of the church giving itself one whole night to fasting and prayer; its minister was then in prison. We find the affluence of this congregation tempted some robbers to break into the chapel in 1785; and the question being raised about their discovery and prosecution, it was resolved, "That Dr. Kippis be requested to insert a paragraph in the principal papers, describing the nature of the robbery, in order to deter them from such outrages in future."

For necessary improvements in Westminster, the chapel property was sold to the Government, and soon after this the lease of the Southwark chapel expired. It was this event which led to the amalgamation of the two congregations in 1823, and the erection of the present chapel. Dr. Thomas Rees was chosen minister at Stamford Street, he having been minister at St. Thomas's. The following are the names of the ministers and assistants who succeeded Dr. Rees: Revds. J. Wood, E. Chapman, F. Bishop, W. Hincks, W. Maccall, J. T. Cooper, Hugh Hutton, T. L. Marshall and R. Spears.

It is an interesting fact that there is still connected with the congregation a few who can recollect our cause in Westminster and St. Thomas's Southwark, and who have been identified with us for nearly seventy years; and their testimony to the prospect of the spread of our doctrines in London and the country and the world, is this—they never recollect a time when everything appeared so propitious for the triumph of the pure and simple doctrines of Unitarianism as the present time.

MOTHER'S NONSENSE.

By MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

WHERE are the eyes of the Lovely One,—
The sweet blue eyes of the Lovely One?

O! here they shine

To comfort mine,

The cloudless eyes of the Lovely One.

Where are the hands of the Lovely One,—

The tiny hands of the Lovely One?

They grasp the air,

So small and fair,

Seeking angel's fingers, my Lovely One.

Where is the mouth of the Lovely One,—

The cunning mouth of the Lovely One?

I kiss it so,

It cannot say no,

The sweet wee mouth of the Lovely One.

And where is the place of the Lovely One,—

The happy place of the Lovely One?

On mother's knee,

High throneth he;

And her heart is the home of the Lovely One.

INFERIOR ANIMALS AND SUPERIOR BEINGS.

By L. M. CHILD.

NATURALISTS suppose there are at least a hundred thousand different species of animalcules, so minute that they can be discerned only by aid of microscopes; and each of these species is composed of countless millions of individuals. No imagination can conceive, and no learning can ascertain, the infinite varieties in the gradations of being between these invisible myriads and creatures as large as the elephant or the whale. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the links of being above us are quite as numerous as those below us? We are endowed with power to invent microscopes, whereby we discern the existence of animalcules and watch their secret proceedings; but what can the animalcules ever know of us, their peeping and prying superiors? Highly as we think of ourselves, perhaps we stand in the same relation towards beings on a more elevated plane of existence, who watch us with similar interest, and make similar record of our curious proceedings. It would be entertaining to know what they say of our mammoth steamboats, our megatherion hotels, and the long miles of wire by which we talk with each other at a distance. As for the ladies' bonnets, with their pretty garniture of crape-leaves and glass dew-drops, it is not to be presumed that they have invented any magnifying-glass of sufficient power to bring them within the scope of their vision. If they can discern a thousandth part of our doings, they must consider us a highly interesting, mysterious, and fantastic order of animalcules. No telescope has yet been constructed by which we can see *them*; and, if the celebrated "moon-hoax" had been no fable, perhaps the operations of the discovered Lunar Spirits would have proved as much above our comprehension as ours are above the tadpoles.

Having tried to conceive of such Superior Intelligences, I am even less overwhelmed by the idea of their existence than I am by the thought that they, as well as we, are doubtless growing, for ever growing! Compare human beings at remote epochs with each other, and they scarcely seem to belong to the same

species. Man has doubtless walked this planet a long time before he thought of making a wheel with a seat appended, and tying a horse to it; and now huge cars, regal with crimson and gilding, whirl multitudes all over the globe by the simple expansion of water. The very form of our skulls has become so different from those of our tattooed Anglo-Saxon progenitors, that naturalists might describe us as a new and very distinct variety of the old species.

Thinking of our magnificent achievements, we grow vain, and imagine ourselves Titans capable of scaling the heavens; forgetting that all our gigantic efforts cannot open, even the width of a hair, the door that separates us from hosts of Intelligences above us. And, with all our study and all our microscopes, how very little we are able to learn concerning the orders of being below us! If we could but read and write down the thoughts of the ox, as he looks at us with his large, patient eyes, we might make a fortune by the sale of the copyright.

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hills one day
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:
"In all the green world there is nothing
so sweet

As my little lammie with his nimble feet,
With his eyes so bright
And his wool so white;

Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, he
That sings in the tree,

Dearly may dote on his darlings four,
But I love my one little lambkin more."
And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side
warm,

While my little lammie lies here on my
arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens
three.

I heard her whispering soft—said she,
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly
curled,

Are the prettiest things that can be in
the world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might;
I love them at morning and noon and
night:

Which is the prettiest I cannot tell—
Which of the three—
For the life of me—

I love them all so well.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties
I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the
warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so
warm,
While my little darling lies here on my
arm.

I went to the yard and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she
bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of
mine.

You may hunt the full moon, and the
stars if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens
as these.

The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves
her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mo-
ther I am;

For lambs, nor for kittens I won't part
with these,

Though the sheep and the cats should go
down on their knees.

No! no! not though
The kittens could crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could
go.

My dear downy darlings! my sweet little
things!

Come nestle now, cosily, under my
wings."

So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather-
bed.

And there let them sleep in their feathers
so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my
arm.

PAUL OF SAMOSATA.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

FEW Eastern cities enjoyed a greater reputation in ancient times than Palmyra. It was founded by Solomon, under the name of Tadmor in the wilderness, both names signifying the place of palms, from the number of palm-trees growing near. The surrounding country was not fruitful, and it was but thinly inhabited; yet plenty of good water came from the neighbouring hills, and thus supplied the Palmyrenes with one of the chief necessities of life. Solomon intended the new city as a place of commerce, for which its situation well fitted it, as standing in the highway between rich countries in the East and the West. In succeeding ages Palmyra was enlarged and beautified, and its ruins are still visible, notwithstanding that its glories have departed, and it furnishes some temporary abodes to a few wandering Arabs. When the Romans were masters of the civilized world, Palmyra, as a matter of course, fell under their dominion; but in the third century of the Christian era, the Palmyrene empire, lying at a great distance from Rome, was left at considerable freedom from the imperial interference, and was governed almost despotically by the native princes. One of the last and most powerful of these was Odenatus, who on his death by violence left the sovereignty to his widow, the very celebrated and magnificent Zenobia, a woman of masculine tastes and habits, fond of supremacy, fond of the chase and fond of war, as politic as our own Queen Elizabeth, as daring in the battle-field and in her designs and empire as Semiramis. She had, however, in addition to these, milder and more amiable characteristics. Possessed within the limits of her dominions of nearly uncontrolled power, Zenobia yet was fond of philosophy, and her delight was in the conversation of wise and learned men, many of whom were attracted to Palmyra by her munificence and the esteem in which they were held by the polished and luxurious people there; and whilst throughout the Roman empire intolerance, with cruel persecution of the Christians, was the rule, in her kingdom, and especially in the capital, men of all religions, and men of no

religion at all, lived in perfect security. Her protection was extended to every one of whatever sect. Longinus, the rhetorician, critic and statesman, who was also her secretary; Paul of Samosata, the Christian bishop; the rulers likewise of the synagogue; were honourably distinguished by her, and admitted to many a private audience. The queen was of Jewish extraction, though probably for some preceding generations her family had ceased to acknowledge themselves Jews; but this may have given a bias to her feelings; yet whilst expressing esteem for the characters of Jesus, of Moses, of Socrates, she never yielded assent to the teachings of the rabbis or of Paul or of Longinus, her mind being of too worldly and ambitious a cast for the things of the Spirit. It may be added, in few words, that assuming the proud title of Queen of the East, she greatly incensed the Roman emperor, Aurelian, who haughtily commanded her to withdraw it. On her equally haughty refusal, the Roman army advanced against Palmyra. Zenobia was defeated, and, according to the barbarous custom of the times, she was led in chains by the conqueror through the streets of Rome. Soon after, Aurelian restored her to liberty, though not to dominion, and she ended her days peacefully in Italy.

The preceding sketch was necessary to introduce the subject of this article, as Paul of Samosata was much at the court of Zenobia, and is said to have been highly favoured by her, whilst he is almost the sole instance recorded in history of an avowed Unitarian being patronized and consulted by those in power; but Paul, as we shall see, was no common character. He had bitter enemies, as every really great man has, and we suppose always will have; he had, it is likely, many and serious defects; but he had also very many warmly-attached, zealously-devoted friends, and over these he exerted an influence which continued long after his death, and which descended to numbers who lived long subsequent to the days of Paul and his contemporaries; whilst his firm, uncompromising defence of the simple doctrines of the cross, in opposition to the philosophic speculations which were then making great way in the church, must gain for

his memory the most respectful esteem. He had his treasure in an earthen vessel; he had human infirmities; but let those who blame be careful that they excel him.

Paul was born early in the third century at Samosata, a small town near the Euphrates, and which was the birthplace also of the poet Lucan. His parentage appears to have been highly respectable, and his education must have been attended to very carefully; but we hear little of him till he was nominated to the bishopric of Antioch, about A.D. 260. At Antioch, the early disciples, more than two centuries before, had received the name of Christian, perhaps opprobriously; and for a very long time it was regarded as a kind of metropolis of the faith in Asia. It was yet a renowned city, full of superstition, of infidelity and profaneness; yet still even here the disciples of Jesus were very numerous, whilst their faith was of a purer kind than that of the majority of the Western believers. Hence Paul, whilst as a Syrian Christian he had imbibed sentiments more accordant with the simplicity of the gospel than many of those who dwelt in Rome or Alexandria, would be emboldened to speak openly and positively on the subject in Antioch, where he had numerous sympathizers. He had most of the natural qualifications of a popular orator—great command of language, with a graceful delivery, and, we may well suppose, a sonorous voice of great flexibility, with a fine person, which he carefully adorned according to the fashion of the age. He was just the man to be ran after by the populace, whilst his polished utterance would make him a favourite with the more educated. A love of popularity and of power, which attends popularity, was the great fault in his character, though he is not chargeable with any meanness or trickery, such as have disgraced so many popularity-hunters. The often quoted character of Paul by the ever-candid Lardner, seems admirably to illustrate his excellences and defects. "He had a great mind, with a mixture of haughtiness and too much affection for human applause. He was generally well respected in his diocese and by the neighbouring bishops, in esteem with the great and beloved by the common people. He preached frequently, and was a good

speaker; and from what is said by the Fathers of the Council of his rejecting and laying aside some hymns as modern, it may be argued that he was a critic."

Paul continued Bishop of Antioch for several years, indeed till the fall of his fast friend and protector Queen Zenobia; but not long after his appointment to the see, he became the object of persecution, not from the heathens, for the queen would have prevented that, but from the professors of the same faith with himself, to whom his Unitarian sentiments were to the last degree obnoxious. He was heterodox and heretical, and therefore to be condemned by the church. Malchion, one of Paul's presbyters, accused him of heresy. A council was according to rule summoned, but the charge could not be sustained; he was, we are told, "admonished, but not condemned." It would appear that from this period Paul resided principally at Palmyra, where he won the attention of all people by his eloquence, and where he gained the favour of Zenobia and the applause of many of her courtiers; and where, also, if we may credit his opponents, he gave much scandal by his magnificent mode of living, the number and pomp of his retinue and his luxurious habits. The author of the ingenious romance, "The Fall of Palmyra," appears to give credence to these reports, and seldom mentions Paul but in depreciatory terms. He thus describes the manner of Paul's appearance in the streets: "Trumpets sent forth their long peal, and a troop of outriders, as accompanying some great personage, rode rapidly along; a chariot appeared with a single individual seated in it, and who seemed to take great pleasure in his own state. 'Ha! Paul! Paul of Antioch! Behold a Christian servant!'" And he is directly characterized by one of the interlocutors as "a misbeliever in heart, a true antichrist." What is his authority for this harsh judgment the writer does not inform us, and we are at liberty to suppose the whole as an exaggeration, if not a caricature.

But Paul's enemies were not satisfied with the decision of the first council; another was summoned, and was numerously attended. Here the inveterate Malchion made heavy accusations against his diocesan, and procured his excommunication, the sentence of deposition also

being pronounced; but that could not be executed, as the church did not then possess the power of the temporal sword. Paul kept possession of his house at Antioch, and if Zenobia had continued to reign he would most probably have remained bishop to his death. His enemies did not scruple to ask the aid of their own bitter foe and persecutor, the emperor Aurelian, to banish him from Antioch. It is remarked by Gibbon, that "if Paul had preserved the purity of the orthodox faith, his reign over the capital of Syria would have ended only with his life." He went into exile, we know not where, but his opinions did not die with him. He was an eminent scripturist, and his doctrines were based on the sacred writings. There were Unitarians, enlightened and zealous ones, in those days of philosophizing ideas, nor were their numbers small. A writer of the time tells us that the Unitarians were accustomed to put the question, "Well, friend, what doctrine shall we hold? shall we acknowledge one God or three?" and this frequently decided the argument in favour of their opinions. So has Unitarianism never been without witness in any age of the church. Always have there been found those able and willing to defend it to the uttermost, to die rather than let go their integrity.

Whilst it is on record that heavy charges were laid against Paul's character, especially as it appears by Malchion, they must be received with great caution; nor does it appear they were ever fairly proved. The synodical letter of the council is, says Priestley, "evidently dictated by the strongest prejudice and malice. Had half the villainies and immoralities that Paul is there charged with been true, it cannot be supposed that such men as Firmilian and Gregory, and those who attended at the first council, would have hesitated to depose him."

After all, it must be remembered that Paul, the Unitarian Bishop of Antioch, was deposed for heresy, not for immorality; *that* was evidently an after-thought. We do not hold him up as a faultless character, but we believe he had many virtues, and we honour him not the less that he was the object of envious detraction, for woe to him of whom all men speak well!

THE STRAWBERRIES.

WHAT a wistful look it wore, that pale pinched face, with its sad blue eyes dimmed with tears he would not let fall! He was scrupulously clean, the hair neatly brushed, and the threadbare, patched clothes without a spot; but he looked so poor, so unhappy, as he stood at the foot of a pallet bed, on which lay a wan, emaciated figure, the face sharpened by pain, and the brow wrinkled with premature suffering. The pale lips tried to smile as she looked upon the boy, and with a feeble voice she said, "What is my Walter thinking of? it is time he should go to school."

"O mother, I don't like to leave you! I must do something for you; you look so sick, and you haven't anything to eat, and no tea."

"I have a little left yet from the pension, Walter, and old Bridget will come in by-and-by and help me; so don't trouble yourself about me; I will try to be better when you come home; kiss me, Walter."

He bent down to give the loving kiss, but he drew back and looked so sadly at her—"O mother, your lips are so hot, so parched; can't I get anything to cool them?"

He left her with reluctant steps. As he walked along he saw a large piece of ice which had been dropped by the wagon, and was melting under the warm rays of the autumnal sun. "O, that would make mother's water so much better," he said, and lifting it up he turned back; his small hands could hardly grasp it, and his fingers were pinched by the icy cold. Every now and then he put it down and tried to warm them, and, as a last resort, he took off his hat, and carried it on that. His mother was startled by his quick return, fearing something had happened to him, but the very sight of the ice seemed to cool her burning fever. He broke it into small pieces and put some into her mouth.

"Almost as good as strawberries, Walter; I think it quenches my thirst quite as well; but you will be late at school, my boy, and lose your place at the head."

Again he bounded off with lighter heart; but, "strawberries, strawberries,"

kept ringing in his ear; "mother does hanker after some strawberries; if I could only get her some!" Finding himself near a fruiterer's he went in and asked in a quiet humble tone, if they had any strawberries.

"No, you goosie," said the shopman with a coarse laugh; "you must be a green one to expect to find strawberries in October; who ever heard such a thing?"

"But I have seem them even in winter," said Walter, "and oh, I do want some so much."

"They are raised in hot-houses all through the year," said one of the young men, looking kindly at the boy; "but it takes a mint of money to buy them, I can tell you."

The child turned sorrowfully away, and went on to his school; but through every lesson the rich red fruit was before him, now growing in profusion on the Berkshire hills, now in boxes, as he had seen them in summer, and he made all the school laugh when his teacher asked him to bound Italy.

"South by the Mediterranean, north by strawberries." So filled was his mind with the one thought, he did not perceive his mistake till the shout of his companions made him conscious he had said something very odd.

"It is not the holidays, Walter, and we are not out on a strawberry picnic; so you must not bound even your wishes by them."

So Walter tried to drive the luscious fruit from his mind; but he could not. He remembered a beautiful place, about two miles from where they lived, which had green-houses and hot-houses; he and his mother had often walked out there, in the summer twilight, just to look at the green hedges and the beautiful flowers, and inhale the perfume-burdened air. It made her think of home, his mother said, because she could smell the sweet pea and mignonette. The home she always thought of was the flower-girdled cottage which nestled in one of the green valleys of Berkshire.

It seemed to Walter as if school never would be done; but four o'clock did come, and, snatching up his still wet hat, he bounded off without stopping to heed his comrades' challenge to a game at ball. He had soon left the town behind him, and

was winding along through the lovely country road; he did not stop to look at the autumnal glories around him, though he gathered a few of the bright-hued leaves to cheer his mother. He soon reached the lovely grounds of "Beach-elm;" the gate was so stately, the walks and grounds so finely laid out, he was almost afraid to enter; but catching a glimpse of the hot-houses, he hurried on and dashed impetuously in. The gardener was not there, only a gentleman, who turned quickly round and eyed the intruder with a stern expression.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Some strawberries, sir," answered poor Walter, who was thoroughly frightened, and stammered and blushed like a guilty boy. The gentleman looked at him suspiciously. "Go away," he said, "and don't let me see you here again. I believe you come to steal, or for some mischief. You may think yourself lucky I don't give you to the police."

Walter's lip trembled, and the tears came to his eyes. He turned to go out; the sweet sad expression upon his face caught Mr. Percy's attention, and struck a chord of sympathy in his warm heart.

"Here, boy!" he called, before Walter had time to shut the door. "What did you want of strawberries?"

"My mother was so sick, and I thought, perhaps, they would cure her."

Mr. Percy turned away to hide his emotion, for his heart was soft as a girl's, though he hid it under a rough exterior. He broke off a tea rose, some sprigs of mignonette, and lovely clusters of heath, and, giving them to Walter, bade him take those to his mother, and to come himself the next day again; perhaps he could find something else for him.

And he did come, and day after day did he receive from his kind friend the small box of delicious berries, and this too when these berries were so rare, if sent to market, they would have brought almost any price. This was not all; he was so pleased with Walter, that he sent his sister to see his mother, and through her kind ministrations she was soon restored to health, and placed in a situation where she could earn a good subsistence for herself and boy, without wearing out the very juices of her life.—*C. Register.*

HOW TO HAVE GOOD SERVANTS.

If you want attached servants, be an attached mistress. Let your thoughtfulness shew itself in little things; speak courteously, not curtly. Spare them trouble, and thank them for the courtesy they shew you. Be considerate, but not intrusive. Recognize the fact that servants must have interests of their own, some occupation which affords a relief from the constant strain of service; and do not pry too closely into their concerns, or arrange too minutely the order in which they are to get through their business. There must, of course, be some general principle of procedure; but a household in which everything down to the least detail of domestic duty, is done by "clockwork," cannot be expected to produce much beside living machinery. Children must often be thus drilled; but intelligent men and women resent minute supervision, which checks the play of that confidence which is needed to create a feeling of attachment between a mistress and her servants. It leaves no room for trust and thoughtfulness to grow up. You can get nothing but what you give. You must make friends of your servants, if you want them to care for you; and by making friends of them, I do not mean to advise the assumption of a tone of familiarity, which breeds contempt, but that appeal to good feeling and honour which is at once gratifying and respectful. Where mistresses are inquisitive and suspicious, peering into every corner with incredulity, and guarding the loose materials of domestic use with lock and key, a dishonest servant deliberately arrays her will against those of her mistress, and throws upon her the *onus probandi* of shirking and pilfering; while an honest one is incessantly chafed with the consciousness that her honesty is superfluous, and either loses her high moral tone, or shuts herself up in herself, with civil, tacit resentment.

Many a well-intentioned lady keeps up a spirit of small but chronic resentment in her household by supervision in those matters which lie outside the covenant between mistress and servant. Servants, for example, should never be compelled to do their shopping and see their friends on the sly. Let them have the

privilege of entertaining some of their acquaintances and going out to do their own inevitable business. When you are absent for a time, bring back some little present; not an offensively good book, but such a knickknack as is decorative rather than severely useful. Do not be too censorious about bonnets and hoops. Rather give your maid some article of dress which is dainty and yet becoming, and thus win her confidence by assuming the righteousness of a certain amount of personal self-respect. Meet the inevitable weakness of youth, good looks and high spirits, half way, and let your own good taste and better cultivation lead them aright. Do not sniff at them and send them off at a tangent, thus possibly driving them into defiant and outrageous extremes. Above all, be courteous. Do not claim as a prerogative of gentility to speak sharply to those who are required to answer you with respect. It seems to me that servants are sometimes expected to be the most gentle in the household, and keep rules of politeness which their betters are exempted from observing. If you treat your equal with courtesy, who is privileged to resent an impertinence, how much more cautious should you be in your tone toward those from whom you demand a respectful demeanour!—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

By ANGELUS SILESIUS.

How far from here to Heaven?

Not very far, my friend;

A single hearty step

Will all thy journey end.

Hold there! where runnest thou?

Know heaven is in thee!

Seekest thou for God elsewhere?

His face thou'lt never see.

Go out, God will go in;

Die thou, and let Him live;

Be not, and He will be;

Wait, and He'll all things give.

I have no faith in death.

If hour by hour I die,

'Tis hour by hour to gain

A better life thereby.

SHE WANTED TO WIN HIS LOVE.

JACOB ABBOTT, in his *Hoaryhead*, a volume published some quarter of a century ago, tells, for one of his illustrations, the story of a poor widow and her son Gilbert, a boy about ten years old, who lived in a solitary log cabin among the hills. Gilbert is not a very bad boy, but heedless and somewhat neglectful of his mother. On a certain day in winter, he loiters on his way home, till dark. His mother has done his work for him. He eats his supper, lies down by the fire and sleeps. She puts a bear-skin and pillow under him, and ere he awakes she almost finishes a pair of mittens, which she is knitting for him in secret. Her strong desire to awaken his gratitude leads her to shew him her work, but he only seeks for faults in it. Just after he climbs the ladder to his bed, a belated traveller enters to inquire the way. He does not delay for the night, but accepts her offer of a rich bowl of bread and milk, for which she will accept no pay.

He then inquires:

"Is there no way that I can render you any service? you seem dejected and sad. I have had some experience in the world, and have seen a great many troubles."

Encouraged by this, she told him what troubled her mind when he came in, and then, led on by his expressions of kindness and sympathy, she unburdened her heart entirely to him. She told him how long she had tried to win Gilbert's love, but all in vain. And she described her efforts in detail, and their utter want of success. "I would give all the world to have him love me—but he cares nothing for me at all. Now what can I do?"

"Is he idle and disobedient?" asked the guest.

"Why, no, I don't think he is, generally. He does his work most days as well as you could expect of such a boy. He helps me a good deal—but that I don't care much about. He doesn't seem to do it out of regard to me. If he should bring me home even a flower out of the woods, because he thought it would please me, I should like it better than all the work he does now from morning till night."

"I see," said the traveller, "you want

his heart, and not merely his cold, outward obedience."

"Yes, sir," said she, "that is it exactly."

The traveller paused a moment, looking into the fire, apparently lost in thought. He then said:

"When you make him presents, and do him little kindnesses, how does he receive them? Does he seem grateful then?"

"No, sir, I don't think he does. He generally likes the present well enough, and is glad to get it and use it—but then I don't see that he thinks anything about its coming from me."

"He takes the gift with a selfish pleasure, but has no grateful feeling toward the giver?"

"Yes, sir,—and sometimes he murmurs and complains when I have done the best I could for him."

The traveller sat in silence again several minutes lost in thought. He presently turned round toward his hostess and said:

"You ask me what you shall do, and I cannot well tell you, unless I ask you one or two questions about yourself, which perhaps it would not be proper for me to ask under other circumstances. If you had rather not answer them, do not hesitate to say so. Are you in the habit of morning and evening prayer?"

The mother's eye dropped. She looked embarrassed, shook her head, and faintly answered—

"No, sir."

"Do you read the Bible much?"

"No, sir," said she timidly; "we used to have one, but it is almost worn out."

"And do you never read the Bible, or pray secretly to God?"

"I used to, some, when I was young, but not of late years."

"Then there is now no communication whatever between your soul and God?"

She hung her head and made no reply.

"No thanksgiving for his favours—no love or affection returned for his goodness—no desire to do anything to please him?"

The speaker paused at each inquiry, but his hostess made no reply, and yet the expression of her countenance shewed that her feelings were not displeased that the questions were asked, but self-

reproach, awakened by the answer that her conscience gave.

"Perhaps," said the traveller, "I do wrong to press you with these inquiries. I am sure, after the kindness you have shewn me, I ought not to be uncivil or rude. But the truth is, that your child is to you what you yourself are to your Parent above. All that you have done to win his love, God has done to win yours; and your child's repulses of your affection are exactly analogous to your repulses of the love of God. We are as industrious and regular in the performance of duties as other persons are, but we do nothing for the sake of pleasing God. We turn cold looks and language to him. We take his gifts with a kind of selfish gratification, but with no feelings of grateful affection for the Giver—and sometimes, like Gilbert, openly murmur and complain when God has done the best that could be done for us. Now, have not you been such? If so, you reap as you have sowed. Gilbert is an ungrateful and undutiful child, just like his mother!"

MY BELIEF.

1. I believe in one *Almighty God*, Creator of the universe, infinite in power, perfect in goodness; not a God of wrath, envy, anger or vengeance, but of justice, mercy, love, forbearance and truth.

2. I believe in his *spiritual presence* in every one of his creatures, illustrating itself in constantly urging their consciences to the reflection of what is right.

3. I believe in Jesus of Nazareth as the *most perfect man* of whom we have any record, specially chosen and inspired by God to teach the true religion unto mankind.

4. I believe in two constituent and distinct elements in man, the *mortal body*, subject to the *material laws*, dying in like manner with all other earthly creatures, and the immortal soul, subject to *spiritual laws* and living in eternity.

5. I believe in the *Gospel as taught by Jesus*, reserving to my reasoning powers the question of what may be considered figurative and what literal.

6. I believe in the *conscience of man* as the universal monitor; to whom we should daily apply, and whom we should implicitly obey in all things.

7. I believe that *man is born free from*

sin, and that he is not responsible to God until his reasoning powers can distinguish right from wrong.

8. I believe in the gradual spiritual progression of all mankind, *both in this world and hereafter*; and that eternal happiness will be eventually reached by all.

9. I believe that the *future state* of the spirit will be exactly proportionate to its course in this world, but that such future state will in all cases be of a corrective or purifying character.

10. I believe in the free *agency of man*, that he was created and endowed with reason and other gifts whereby he might choose his own path, and that the belief in a particular faith or creed is not necessary to his salvation.

11. I believe in *repentance and prayer* as the great purifying influences upon the spirit.

12. I believe that all God's works are performed by natural laws; that He never favours one nation or sect at the expense of another; that He rules the elements in all cases for our benefit; and that He does not send floods, drought and hurricanes as punishment for sins.

13. I do not believe that *God required the blood* of Jesus to be shed to satisfy his wrath, but regard such doctrine as the wicked invention of a depraved imagination.

14. I do not believe that had Jesus not appeared, God would have condemned the vast majority of mankind.

15. I do not believe that God, the Just and Merciful, pre-ordained *the salvation of an elect few* and the utter destruction of the rest.

16. I do not believe that *eternal punishment* will be suffered by any, but regard the doctrine of everlasting punishment as having very pernicious tendency.

17. I believe in the bounden *duty of man to take Conscience for his guide, Truth for his watchword, and Virtue for his creed*, to give as far as possible a perfect life of duty and love to God and man: Peace, Justice, Truthfulness, Charity, Self-denial and strict Morality. That these are the works *necessary* to ultimate salvation; and that not until the spirit becomes perfect in every one of these virtues can it dwell with its perfect Creator in heaven.

Hackney. N. M. C.

READING ALOUD.

READING aloud is one of those exercises that combine mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice, and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number and distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he is distinctly heard by the furthest listener in the room; if he is not able to do so, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation. Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs, just as singing does, if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of a long breath every once in a while, oftener and deeper than that of reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice. Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing: it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts the short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations, is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment of reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will shew itself. This reading aloud develops a weak voice and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency also in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and clear away, to the confusion of himself as much as that of the subject. This loud reading, when properly done, has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that muscles are strengthened by exercise; those of voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence in many cases absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it for ever. The general plan in appropriate cases is to read aloud in a conversational tone, thrice

a day, for a minute or two, or three at a time, increasing a minute every other day until half an hour is thus spent at a time, thrice a day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result. As a means, then, of health, of averting consumption, of being social and entertaining in any company, as a means of shewing the quality of the mind, let reading aloud be considered an accomplishment far more indispensable than that of smattering French, or lisping Italian, or dancing cotillions, gallopades, polkas and quadrilles.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FREE THOUGHT A DUTY.

LET bigots frown and cast a stone
At me because I cannot own

Their dogmas from above:

The Christ of old, so lovely soul'd,
In art's meretricious mantle roll'd,
To me but seems as tarnished gold,
And God bereft of love.

When stars and rocks seem'd orthodox,
And heart and reason stumbling-blocks,

And science little taught;
When Nature fair could scarcely dare
To tell her tale, divine soe'er,
The holding of such dogmas were
No hard or fruitless lot.

But when her store of boundless lore
On us creation doth outpour

To our expanding view,
The paths we trod lead not to God,
Our doctrines are a cumbrous load,
And love, not fear, becomes our good,
To Christ our brother true.

The heart to win from thrall of sin,
And waken all the God *within*,

Is Christ's peculiar task;
No doctrine hard can be compared
To life he lived and death he dared,
To gain the soul with foulness sear'd
In God's great love to bask.

Then spurn man's creeds like hollow
reeds,

Pursue the path which upward leads,

In spite of priestly frown:
Sin's venom'd dart tear from thy heart,
And purify each inward part;
To Jesus whilst thou loyal art,
No fear can cast thee down.

Dundee, 1866.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER AND THE CAT. I once (says a French writer) saw a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air-pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the cat, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarefied atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he again let air into the receiver, which, as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. The spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the cat's sagacity, and the lecturer was compelled to remove her, and substitute another cat, who possessed less penetration, for the cruel experiment.

EARLY RISING.—The late Dr. Adam Clarke used to say, "It was not by sitting up late at night, but by rising early, that he found time for study." He well observed, "A late morning student is a lazy one, and will rarely make a true scholar; and he who sits up late at night not only burns his life's candle at both ends, but *puts a red-hot poker in the middle.*" A minister one day acknowledged to the Doctor that he was in the habit of remaining late in bed, and added that he had been protesting and praying against it for several years, but that it still lingered, and seemed to be a most inveterate if not incurable evil. The Doctor addressed him, "My dear brother, you have entirely misapprehended the case. The remedy is simple and of easy application. It has been a maxim with me for many years never to trouble the Almighty about a thing which I could do myself. Now, instead of lying in bed and praying on the subject of early rising, I get up at the appointed time, dress myself, and go at once to my study and my books. If you take my advice, you will act in future on the same maxim."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Dr. Stuckley once waited upon Sir Isaac Newton a little before dinner-time; but he had given orders not to be called down to anybody till his dinner was upon the table. At length a boiled chicken was brought in, and Stuckley waited till it was quite cold, when, being very hungry, he ate it up, and ordered another to be prepared for Sir Isaac, who came down before the second was ready, and seeing the dish and cover of the first, which had been left, lifted up the latter, and turning to the Doctor, said, "What strange folks we studious people are! I really forgot I had dined."

MOTHERS.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is, when a person talks of his "dear old mother"! Away with your mincing "mamas," and "mamas" suggestive only of a fine lady, who deutes her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown! Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all-embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin or modestly attired in bombazine.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—In St. Philip's, Winchester, a very old edifice, built long before the time of Henry VIII., there are ancient stall seats affixed to the wall of the ante-chapel. These seats are so fixed upon hinges, that those who sit on them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms, so that if the old monks who used them dropped asleep during divine service, the seat came forward and pitched them headlong on the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the oaken back and made noise enough to attract the whole congregation. This may serve as a hint to those who are at a loss how to contrive something to keep people awake in church.

The following are the terms for supplying the
CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, post free:

1 copy	per year	2s. 6d.
2 copies	"	4 0
3 copies	"	5 6
4 copies	"	6 0
5 copies	"	8 0
6 copies	"	9 6
7 copies	"	11 0
8 copies	"	12 0
9 copies	"	14 0
10 copies	"	15 0
11 copies	"	16 6
12 copies	"	18 0
13 copies	"	19 0
14 copies	"	20 0

Above this quantity, at the same rate.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to WHITEFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand, W.C.

Printed and Published by
WHITEFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, STRAND.